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### Original Portry.

FOURTH OF JULY.

I.

When we heard the halloos on the Fourth of July,
That went up with the rockets to startle the sky,
We couldn't forlear to utter the cry:-"My eye! what a grand ovation." But let any fair jury just judge of our fury, When a fellow exclaimed, "Good Sir, I am sure a Man is a fool who finds in a hurra Aught but halloo-cination !"

We wanted to kill him, but had no one to back us,
For all our dear friends were firing off crackers,
And the fellow, he had a big whip to whack us,
While never a sitch had we;
So we asked him, middly, to give no the reason
For words which were not only quite out of season,
But which smelt, as we told him, so much like treason
That he ought to be hung to a tree.

III.
But the fiery old traitor and fire-work hater, But the nery old traitor and fire-work hater,

Redubb'd us at once a small potater,

And begged just then and there to state a

Fact—that we were a dunce!

He e'en laughed at our crackers, and turning as black as

A sweep or a nigger, declared be would back us

A million to one a respectable Jackass

Would laugh at all our guns.

IV.
We then put in the licks, like Senator Dix,
About Seventy something (we think it was Six),
Thinking to get the old feel in a fix, Thinking to get the out root in a fix,
And bother his bead with history;
But the vagabond rose, put his thumb to his nose.
Unfurled his long flagers (you know how it goes),
Then spoke like a hero of Edgar A. Poe's,
And said with an awful mystery:—

Know, young man! I was born where grows no corn, Where never the huntaman takes a bern, Where never, perhaps, another was born, And where thunder and fireworks are cheap; I was born neither here nor yet, Sir, abroad, Nor, again, as you are I am as you a see, For I never was on the deep.

"And I have no nation to call for evation "And I have so nation to can for o'vacon
Of song, or of speech, or of windy oration,
Like your universal old Yankee nation,
Which is naught to such as I."
"Were you born in the Moon?" we asked the polt
Nowiree, "said he, "you son of a loon."
"Where then, you knave?" "Why, in a balloon,
Iligh up in yonder sky!"

High up in yonder sky!"

As the akyman spoke, the winds awoke,
The lightning flashed, and the thunder broke,
And the clouds flew by like a world of smoke.
And the heavens flew asunder;
Then the man from on high cried: "Fly, Sir, fly!
Them are sy fire-works! mind your eye!
And that (as a rattling peal shot by)

That, Sir, 'a my thunder!" VIII.

So we cut our stick and vamosed quick, Of thunder tired, and of lightning sick— And hurried right off to Bloody Creek, To deliver a tall oration; And we there proclaimed to many a noodle,
Who well-nigh stunned as with Yankee Doodle.
That the Fourth of July was all halloo-balloodl
And glorious halloo-cination!

-H. C., Ja. SUB ROSA.

You stood beneath the roses, Will. And some one's hand lay clasped in yours, But whose, I will not say.

BY FRED. A. PARMENTER.

Ah! she was fair—you know it, Will,— Her brown, gaselle-like eyes Were lighted with the tender gleam

And 'twas the twilight hour, too, Will,
No you were not at fault,
If standing there, you sought to mix
Life's sugar with its sait !

She took a rosebsid from her hair,
And offered it to you,
And murmang o'ver such winning words,
You scarce knew what to do!

But she was fair, I told you, Will, And from her dainty mouth There breathed sweet odors like the balm Of sephyrs from the South, TL

So bending down your head, dear Will, You stole—ah, yes: —a kim: Twas surely right—on life's drear way Such joy ne'er comes amiss! Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

When sunset gilds the Western hills,
And shadows haven the dreamy vale,
While tired ormins their team release,
And at the fregal board regale,
Then, perched on high, in leafy tent,
This hird prochains the dasht of day;
Securely hid, he strikes the kasil,
And ustil midnight shift camp!
Whippoe will! Whippoe will!
In the manifold—in the shade,
Through the forust—through the giade,
Over park, and ever plain,
Undulstes the and refunds,
Whippoe wee! Whippoe will!

Or when, perchance, necharms showers,
The parched and red'sing corn relieves,
And stream in minute entertain
Prom all the monogroum cettings mayes;
E'en then the heavy semplor journ
His liquid notes upon the gale;

"Mid deepest gloom he still prolongs
The barden of his mournful tale.
Whippoo'will! Whippoo'will!
In the darkness—in the storm,
Faint his voice, and chilled his form,
Through the woods, and o'er the plain
Still resounds that soleum strain,
Whippoo'we! Whippoo'will!

Unseen, amid the sombre leaves,
He never hopes for mortal praise,
But oft the starry hosts look down,
And bless him with their golden rays.

But oft the starry hosts look down,
And bless him with their golden rays.
Sadly sigh the midnight sephyrs,
The roses weep with pearly dew,
No kindred warblers wake to greet him—
No gorgeous landscape meet his view!
Yet, bird of night! thy plaintive voice
On sorrow's cheek oft dries the tear,
While in the breast to virtue steeled
Remorse is roused with frantic Fear.
Thou coment, like as houses friend,
When shadows loom upon our path,
To cheer the soul whose yielding faith
Misdoubts escape from future wrath!
Whippoo'will! Whippoe'will!
In the starlight—in the shade,
Shadowy glen, or moonlit glade,
On the oak, or by the rill,
Heaven shield thee, Whippoe'will!

[For the New-York Saturday Pre-s.]

THE GUITAR.

BY HUGH P. MC DERMOTT

cters. - Pres Mellodes; Clos Mellodes, his wife; the j Muss Pleasery W heelle; Sunn, servent to the

ACT 1-SCHMB 1. - Moonlight, - Enter Proc Mellodes 3d L. E.,

e—Mondight. — Enter Free Melloda
Come all you pretty charmers,
And hairten to my song.
The to a black-eyed fairy-maid
My ditty doth belong.
Her father was a Captain—
The brood of old Castile—
And to the white-faced Baxon
A hatred he did feel.
In a house of ancient douby
This gentleman did dwell.
And viewed his plains of cattle
As homeward tink'd the bell.
Prood was he of all his riches,
But prouder of his name:

But prouder of his name : And he guarded with unerving eye His daughter's future fame. But a whaler hold came straying round—

Hut a whaler bold came straying round—
A Yankee boy was be—
A Vankee boy was be—
And whispered to the Spanish maid,
"You're the whale for me."
Now Spanish maids love heads so red,
And the whaler bold's being so,
She mys, "Look here—hold down your ear—
My dear, 'iia a go!"
He clasped her to his bosom,
And carried her o'er the plain,
When the father followed after,
And marched her home a again:

Never more for His

(Going up stage, see Mise Flouncy Wheelle at a win the right of stage.)

the right of stages.)

Free Millodes (coming down).—What a charming creature—eyes like an antelops's, checks like a spitzenberg apple, cars like a horned's, and her bosom heaving like a flour-bag full of live rabbits. (Going up.) She smiles on me—(ahem!)—and again she smiles. I'll make love to her—if I don't, I am not Free Melledee. (He goes to the window, takes of his hat.) Swan-like pigeon! can you love? If you cannot, I'll teach you how.

Miss Wheedle departs from the window, unging : Come again my lovely one, Come again to me; Come again my charming one, My heart to you is free.

My heart to you is free.

Free Mellodes (coming down stays).—She's gone !—she's departed! Gone where? And echo answers "Where!" Well, I guess the brunsette's gone to bed. How it would please me to have that brunette fall in love with me. 0, 'twould be delightful! Ahem, but I'm married. Guess she's married, too. Well, so much the better! So much the better! She sings! She likes music. I have it. I'll come to-morrow night, and charm her with my guitar. If she loves music I know I can do it—I know I can charm her. So much the better for Free. See—what did she sing! Ha, I have it. Beautiful—beautiful!

I'll come again, my dear brunette, With music from after ; I'll come again when the sun has set,

SCREE II.

A parlor in Millodo's house.—Mrs. Millodos discous desk, with a ladger before her, happing accounts.

dest, with a lasper before her, happing assession.

Mrs. Mellodie (coming down stage).—I will not stand it a day longer. Here I have to stag every night, and weary myself out in keoping my husband's ledger, while he visits free-and-easys, drinks lague, and assesse cigars. And when he comes home, will tell me, perhaps, that he has seen the pretitient woman that day that he ever new in his life. I have been married now six months, and my bushand has seen a woman every week since them whom he considered the pretitient woman he ever saw in all his life. He has never once referred to my beauty since we were married; but before that, I was a perfect jumiperberry. How certain that

firs-bell, and with top-boots on, and the number of your victorious machine glistening on your red shirt, and the lastine-lags of your fire-mp patting 'gainst your cheeks—with a race and a spring, catch hold of the rope, and with a hip, hip, hurrah, Jimmy put her through, be the first to throw water upon the fire. In 'it it heroic to rush up a ladder to the seventh story window, and, amid smoke and fiames on every side, match a little smothering infant, and hand it to its distracted mother, as she weeps and walls in breathless agony at the foot of the ladder? Im't it romantic to see flames, in defiance of all human efforts, looming to the heavens, the Terror King of insurance companies? I'm bound to run with the machine! I'm bound to be a fire-boy!

Enter Free Melloder, Lat R. R., simping.
I'll come again, my dear brunette,
With moste from after.
I'll come again, when the sun has set,
And bring my light guitar.

Mrs. Melloder.—O, confound your guitar! This is a pretty time, Mr. Free Mellodee, to be coming home! This is a pretty time of night, Mr. Free Mellodee, to be coming home to your wife, whom you are only six months married to! Here I am all evening alone, counting and recounting over your horrid ledger, and you spending your time in some alebouse, when you abould be studying how to keep accounts yourself. I

you spending your time in some alchouse, when you should be studying how to keep accounts yourself. It tell you what it is, Mr. Free Mr. indee—

Mr. Mellode.—Now, my dear Cloe, a light broadside.

Mr. Mellode.—I won't stand it any longer.

Mr. Mellode.—I have seen the prettiest woman tonight I ever saw in all my life. Cloe, she was perfectly explanting.

ctly enchanting.

Mrs. Melloder (aride).—I shan't tell him how I'm go ng to become a member of the Woman's Rights Asso-iation. I won't tell him a single word till I join, and

Mr. Mollodes.—O, she had such a beautiful such a sweet little mouth!

Mrs. Mollodes (mak).—I shan't tell him

is no too!

Mr. Milode.—Abominable! Cloe, you're insane.

Mr. Milode.—If you think so, you'll be fooled.

Mr. Milode.—Cloe, do you know what kind of characters those Woman's Rights advocates are!

Mr. Milode.—Yearing the — what they please.

Mr. Milode.—That's my style.

Mr. Milode.—That's my style.

Mr. Milode.—That's my style.

Mr. Milode.—What will you do when they're won out!

Mr. Milode.—What will you do when they're won out!

Mrs. Melleder.—No punning. You'll find me a wo nan of my word. Only I am, or I would never hav

nan of my word. Only a min, and patting his guiter).—
Mr. Milloder (going to the side wing and gutting his guiter).—
Now, Cloe, sit down here on the sofa with me, and I'll play you a sweet melody on the guitar.
Mrs. Millode.—The poet mys.
Mr. Millode.—The poet mys.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage branst."

Mrs. Milledor.—Yes, but he don't say it can soothe a woman's breast. The poet knew better than say that, Mr. Free Meliodee, and if he had said on, music could not soothe my breast.

[Ent. R. Let E. Mr. Milledor (coming down siage).—Somebody has been tampering with my Cloe. H I could find the busy-body, we'd have a "mill".—I'd grind the ke or the sie, whichever it might be. See—she was reading this newspaper (picting up a payer) as I came in. (Rasis.) A Call of the Woman's Right Ameciation. Hat ha! This is what put the deuce in Cloe's head. This is the blessing of a newspaper! However, if my Cloe persists in leaving my ledger, and taking the stump in favor of Woman's Rights, I'll employ the bruneste to keep my books. So much the better for Free. So much the worse for Cloe.

[Ent. R. Let E.

(Erit. R. 1st E.

A Street.—Enter Jerry Riddle, L. 1st E.

Mr. Riddle—I'm down on all the womanhood gender of hunanity. I'm opposed to them, steraly, rigidly, absolutely, and everlastingly. I'll hot against them, plot against them, speak against them, and even against them. I'll debar them of their comstorts, fell plot against them, speak against them, and swear against them. I'll debur them of their emiforia, fell them in their hopes, and embarrane their elevanference. And why? I have lost all my money or Gerrit finish, the great advocate of Woman's Rights. The old goose, I wish he was in heaven, but I game he's in bod now, for it's nine o'clock. I should never have staked my meney on his election were it not for woman. My wife—a very strong-minish woman—actually council me into the belled that Gerrit would be our next Governor. School-girls would make my cost-tail going along the street, and sak me to vote for Gerrit, that they might wear jacheit. My home has been the handquartens of strong-minded woman for a month past, day and night, discussing the relative qualities of Park, Morg, and Gerrit (as these woman call them), for the gubernstorial chair. And, of count, when the edict wort forth from them that Gerrit und be elected, notwitheleasting all my opposition to the monance of the idea, I had finally to yield to them, helieve them, and wome than all, but my mensy on Gerrit. And now, by way of consulation, they fall no he would have been elected if Burngwe hadn't my, and the Dunicurate and Republicane had all voted for Gerrit.

To-day I classed my house. Them in the chief the

before that, I was a perfect jumperberry. How cartain that

Man's wooing heart is all on the Till quenched by its own deales. But is I alack? I the idea gained, he would have been alsoued if Burngess hand's result has been in a state of the passed, he could be the fore from ranges.

In truth, I will not ondure it any longer. I have not yet taken these own to read the evening paper. Let us not what the latest news in. (But pinks up a paper, and reads shad.) A meeting of the Woman's light. Advocates will be hable to-merrow evening, at even and whalf o'clock, of Liberty Hall. All these in favor of woman's media and publicles lights—such us being Problem of the United limbs, Captain of an army or a ship, Chief of a liberty Hall. All these in favor of woman's media and publicles lights—such us being Problem of the United limbs, Captain of an army or a ship, Chief of a liberty Hall. All these in favor of woman's media and publicles lights—oneh us being Problem of the United limbs, Captain of an army or a ship, Chief of a liberty Hall. All these in favor of woman's media and publicles lights—oneh us being Problem of the United limbs, Captain of an army or a ship, Chief of a liberty hall. All these in favor of woman's media and publicles lights—oneh us being Problem of the United limbs, Captain of an army or woman's media and publicles lights—oneh us being Problem of the United limbs, Captain of an army or woman's media and publicles lights—one us to long the limbs of the woman's liver in the public of the analysis liberty in the limbs of the liberty limbs.

It is the limbs of the limbs of the limbs of the limb

THE

JTAB

Art. Mile (coids).—She talks of delight losing its charm. That's the way with strong-minded women-you canot charm them.

Mrs. Milesia.—O, Flouncy, I love mystery. How happy I would be to guess and guess, and hate to know he man who would thus amuse me. Why, Flounce, don't you know that—

Flourier, don't you know that—
True leve in wooing must have some doubt.
Flat and manurory—'the not love without.
Mr. Biddle (anide).—She grows sentimental. She reads the Ledger.
Miss Flasible.—He's coming 'to-morrow night to play on the guitar, and I think I'll invite him to come again. I haven't spoken to him, or given him any compresses well.

Art. means.—O, that is beautiful, Flouncy, beau-tiful! Es's coming to-morrow night to play on the guitar inder the window. Haven't spoken to him yet. I'd invib him to come again!—I'd encourage him! [Enit Flouncy and Mrs. Mellodes, L. 1st E.

Mr. Millode.—O, she had such a beautiful face, and such a sweet little mouth!

Mr. Millode.—O, she had such a beautiful face, and such a sweet little mouth!

Mr. Millode.—Such beautiful eyes, and such beautiful ankles!

Mr. Millode.—Such beautiful eyes, and such beautiful ankles!

Mr. Millode.—Such beautiful eyes, and such beautiful ankles!

Mr. Millode. (swind).—Mr. Free Mellodee, I'm going to join the Woman's Rights Association, and I'm going to belong to a fire company, and run with the machine—so I am—Mr. Free Mellodee!

Mr. Millode.—Cloe, what's the matter, my dear?

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Mr. Millode.—Cloe, what'd the my her going to belong to a fire company, and run with the machine?

Mr. Millode.—Cloe, what'd the matter, my dear?

Mr. Millode.—Cloe, what'd dy on my—you'd join the Woman's Rights Association, and run with the machine?

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Mr. Millode.—Ot do on know what kind of char.

Millode.—Cloe do on know what kind of char.

Segus iv.

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A parter in Millado' Ange. Buson in Mr. Millador, R. Sd E.

Mr. Milledon.—See | Clos ins't home. Senan, where's man, —He, sir. She said she'd try and stay out as late as yes, to-stays.

Mr. Milledon.—Try and stay out as late as me, to-sight! Condoued it, what does ahe mean? I'm always home in proper senon. Here it is half-past twelve (leshing at his suits), and she not home yet!

(A brock is hard at the door left lat entrance.)

Mr. Melloder—Summ, attend the door, while I try and compose myself, to talk to her calmly.

[Ent Summ to the left lat entrance door.

Summ (returning).—A man, sir, calling himself Mr.

Biddle, wishes to see you. Shall I tell him you're in

Bed, arr

Mr. Mellolat.—Tell him to walk in. Then, it im't
Clos. Wonder where she is! Wonder what he wants,
this time of night! I expect he wishes to sift me.
(Buter Mr. Middle 1st L. E. Samm ration up staps, and
exit through M. D.)

-Ha! Mr. Riddle, how-do! how-do!

Mr. Medu.—No, not exactly. She went out, a sheet was any, and and hem—she has not yet returned. However, I expect her in every moment. Why! I do you wish to see her?

Mr. Make.—Why, MI did, I could not see her now?

Mr. Make.—Why, MI did, I could not see her now?

Mr. Make.—Chrothy, will she? Are you sure of it.

Mr. Make.—Chrothy, vill she? Are you sure of it.

Mr. Make.—Chrothy, I'm sure of it, Riddle. Why do you do you do you do you. 'The her I doubt.

Mr. Mode.—Who? My wife? My Clos? What?

You dow

Mr. Mode.—Who? My wife? My Clos? What?

You dow

Mr. Mit.—Your Clos? Ha, ha! Your Clos, in-deed!

Mr. Mis.—Your Clos? Ha, ha! Your Clos. indeed!

Mr. Miss.—Come, now, Riddle, I understand you. Ton this may wife is within hearing—in the closet or behind door. The a scheme of both of you to make melay at home evenings. You only want to try how from you can make me. But you can't do R. Ma, i you can't come it over Free Mellodes. He, ha! Miss a wounded duch in a mel profile, for, without wing to melay the melay about the heart, till it meeting to meet make on which it lighted. Mr. Hiddle, if the me cosh mud-puddle about my heart for justing the send dabble its black wings in. You can't make plants.

Mr. Mr. (classify on their Riddle) by the hand).—

Mr. Mr. (classify on their Riddle) by the hand).—

Mr. Int. —Tour hand on that.

Mr. Mr. (classify on Riddle) and what I never

Lyou, Free Mellodee, at home the night before last night?

Mr. Mellodes.—Yes, about the same time—12 o'clock.

Mr. Mellodes.—Tes, about the same time—12 o'clock.

Mr. Mellodes.—To disgusted with being a b'hoy.

Mr. Redill.—Not till 12 o'clock. (Asid.) It's a safe bet. That's clear. Free Mellodee, you say you're never home before 12 o'clock?

Mr. Mellodes.—That's so, Riddle, but I'm going to reform.

Mr. Riddle.—Helmph, going to reform? Where, or how, or who, or what, are you going to reform? There is no going to reform. Reform on the instant. Oh, what a scothing devil-whisper this going to reform as to make you'll, whisper this going to reform as to make you'll, while the wretch who' deceives his conscience, swims deeper into the sea of folly, and is finally lost, when conscience, which has buoyed him up so long, forsakes him. Conscience and reform bring a simile to my mind which I once made. A father and his son were by an abyss. There was a ladder to descend. Curiculty led the son to descend the first round. The father so dhim of his danger, and der to descend. Curiculty led the son to descend the first round. The father so do him of his danger, and was lost—a should be would return. The father was silent. And so, with like warnings from the father, and like promises from the son, he descended far down the ladder, feeling confidence as long as he heard his father's voice. But the father's voice. But the father's voice was heard no more, and in degal of extrication, the son grew timid, when lastly, the father's work and the son grew timid, when lastly, the father's work and the son grew timid, when lastly, the father's work and his son grew timid, when lastly, the father's work and his son grew timid, when lastly, the father's work and his own deception. Free Mellodee, any you are reformed, and I will believe you; but any you're going to reform, and I do not.

Mr. Riddle.—He has been making love to all the women he meets, whether-married or single. He has already captivated one married woman!

Mr. Riddle.—Capt

Mr. Riddle.—Mellodee, do you know there's a hand-some young man loves Mrs. Mellodee?

Mr. Riddle.—What? You do? Do you know that

he loves him!

Nr. Melloder.—I think so.

Mr. Riddle.—What! You know so, and think so, and are not jealous?

Mr. Mellodes.—Jealous! What of? Jealous of my

your wife, Mrs. Cloe Mellodee! I say there is a nice young man who loves her; and ahe—she, your wife, Mrs. Cloe Mellodee,—reciprocates his love, and you are Mrs. Cloe Mellodee,—reciprocates his love, and you are not jealous? Do you know the man? Is he a rela

ne, eats with me, and sleeps with me.

Mr. Riddle.—How? What? Do you sleep alone?

Mr. Millode.—No, I sleep with my wife. Mr. Riddle .- And-

Mr. Mallole.—And he aloeps with me.
Mr. Riddle.—If that's so, Free Mellodee, you have need to reform. (Aside.)—There's no chance to make a bet with him. That's clear. What's this nice young

man's name!

Mr. Mélloise.—Free Mellodee.

Mr. Mélloise.—Who! You!

Mr. Mélloise.—Certainly. Am not I a nice young man? And do I not eat and drink with myself, and sleep with myself!

Mr. Rédiz.—Pooh-pooh! Who ever knew of a man to called young and nice who wore a wig and false teeth!

Mr. Mellodes (musingly).—Well, I'd rather wear false teeth than a false moustache to hide decayed snags.

Mr. Riskit. — I'll bet you my moustache against your

wig that what I say is true!

Mr. Milloder.—What is true?

Mr. Riddle.—That a young man visits your wife, and will come to morrow night, and play on the guitar to her outside your window.

Mr. Milloder.—I accept the offer. Now what ground have you for such a wager?

Mr. Riddle.—I accept the offer. Now what ground have you for such a wager?

Mr. Riddle.—I accept the offer. I have you for such a wager?

Mr. Riddle.—That was passing along the street, I saw your wife in company with a young lade whom I have

more than the bet.

Mr. Riddle.—'Tis about time I was there. If you doubt me, go along with me.

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Mr. Riddle.—'Tis about time I was there. If you doubt me, go along with me.

Mr. Riddle.—'Tis about time I was there. If you doubt me, go along with me.

Mr. Riddle.—'I'll first inform my sister, and proceed immediately after you.

Mr. Riddle.—'Doubt on the mediately after you.

Mr. Riddle.—'Doubt on the predicament. Come along, for there is fun ahead.

That's clear.

[Erit, R. 1st E.

Mrs. Milode.—'Yes, and you're the victim, for now I plainly see it all.

(Enter Min Flowey Wheelle, through M. D.)

Mrs. Milode.—'Oh, Miss Flouncy, there has been an awful slander told my husband about me.

Mrs. Milode.—'That old wretch, Jerry Riddle, who abused his wife, and sent her to the country, overheard our conversation last night, about that young man who plays to you on the guitar—

Mins Wheelle.—'Without fall.

[Erit, 1st L. E.

Mrs. Milode.—'Yes, be near at hand. Good night.

Mrs. Milode. That old wretch, Jerry Riddle, who abused his wife, and sent her to the country, overheard our conversation last night, about that young man who plays to you on the guitar—

Mins Wheelle.—'Yes, be near at hand. Good night.

Mrs. Milode. (interrupting).—'Now, do tell!

man who plays to you on the guitar—

Mr. Millode.—I wonder if this story be true? I hardly think my wife loves any one but ms. Yet she appeared very strange to night. She never was so before. There is something in that. Confound that fellow! he's raised an icicle against my heart, and gave me a cold shower-bath. She hasn't arrived yet. That's very strange. Why, I don't care a pin's head about all the brunettes in creation. I'd rather have my Cloe than a thousand of them; that is, my other? Cloe—my Cloe of yesterday, not my—yes, and my Cloe monster.

man who plays to you on the guitar.

Miss Whaelle (interrupting).—Now, do tell!

Mrs. Milcole.—Yes, and mistaking you for me, Rid-die has gone and told my husband that the young man plays the guitar under my window, in my husband's absence.

Miss Wheelle.—I declare. You don't any?

Mrs. Milcole.—Yes, and mistaking you for me, Rid-die has gone and told my husband that the young man plays the guitar—whise who plays the guitar—whise with my husband that the young man plays the guitar—whise who plays the guitar—whise who plays the guitar—whise who plays the guitar—whise who plays the guitar—yes, and mistaking you for me, Rid-die has gone and told my husband that the young man plays the guitar—whise who plays the guitar—whise who plays the guitar—whise whise whise white with my husband that the young man plays the guitar—whise white who plays the guitar—white white white

END OF ACT I.

ACT II-BCBBB I.

1st Act, and having a Guitar.

Whalle opposes of a window.)

O, west are the charms

My love's shrine enhances.

Hereot are the flowers

That blow in frush May;

But far sweeter than those,

When to my timid advances,

She blushingly whispers,

"Lot you name the day."

O, gread in the flow

Of the wild, rearing river,

As the enteract steams it

Along in its flight;

But greader than this

Is the voice of the giver,

Who mys: "My own durling,

You can make the linet tight."

"L. M.E., and mit Mr. M.C. a.

Baier Biddle, L. 2d E., and ant Mr. Mellode R. 2d E. Why, I'm a Fejon if there was not a fallow playing on the guiter to Flourney Wheedle. The muse chap, no denie, whem him Mellodeo is in loys with. Something must be done. It will not do to allow that fallow is you say, must be done. It will not do to allow that fallow is you as, hugs. I grass he's an agent of Reighan Towns. We'll heig him and upoig him ore he roturns to the Villag of Rainte. He is off now to him. Mellodeo (going up stage and hading to the right). You there he gave (pass to the ninther and lasts gifts him).

Journal of the strong-minded if the strong-minded if the strong man, I shall the strong man, again. You say you don't know his man by the guitar outside of my window, evenings!

Would if I be delighted! wouldn't I enjoy it!

Would if I be delighted! wouldn't I enjoy it!

Would if I be delighted! wouldn't I enjoy it!

Would if I be delighted! wouldn't I enjoy it!

Would if I be delighted! wouldn't I enjoy it!

Would if I be delighted! wouldn't I enjoy it!

Would if I be delighted! wouldn't I enjoy it!

Would if I be delighted! wouldn't I enjoy it!

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Would if I be delighted wouldn't I enjoy it!

Would if I be delighted wouldn't I enjoy it!

Would if I be delighted wouldn't I enjoy it!

Would if I be delighted wouldn't I enjoy it!

Would if

Mrs. Melloded one married woman.

Mrs. Mellode.—Captivated a married woman!

Mr. Ridde.—Yes, and a neighbor of your own—one
you would little suspect. You would be astonished if
you knew who it is? She has been heretofore considered an exemplary woman. But alas! for woman's

weakness!

Mrs. Melloder.—I cannot imagine, Mr. Riddle, who

this married woman can be.

Mr. Riddle.—Will you keep it secret if I tell you?

Mrs. Mellode.—I will, indeed.

Mr. Riddle.—Then, it is Mrs. Cloe Mellodee, wife of

Mr. Free Mellodge. You may stare and grow pale, Mr. Wheedle, but facts are facts; what I tell you is true. Mrs. Melloder.-What? Mrs. Mellodee in love with a Mormon? Tut! no such thing! Who told you this

dander!

Mr. Riddle.—My own ears—and they are good onesrouch for my statement. I heard her say so myself.

Mrs. Mellode.—Your ears lie. When, or to whom?

Mr. Riddle.—Last night, to your sister, Flouncy

Wheedle. She said she loved him-that he was bean tiful, and she would meet his advances.

Mrs. Melloder.—You are deceived, sir; she never said o: and do not dare to give such slander currency.

did her husband say?

Mr. Riddle.—Well, at first he doubted, and went so far—in fact, more in rage at the truth he was forced to believe, than any self-conviction of its fallacy—yes, in went so far as to make a wager my statement wan false. I bet with him that this very night, the Mormon whom I speak of would play under her window che to hide decayed snags.

Well, I'd rather wear false sche to hide decayed snags.

our bets.

more than the bet.

Mr. Riddle.—'Tis about time I was there. If you

Nin Whodle.—I declare—he is a monster.

Nrs. Nellode.—I shall not sleep to night till justice is awarded him. [Exit Flowery and Mrs. Mellodes Lat R. E.

A street in front of Miss Wheelle's house. - Enter Mr. Mel- A parlor in Mr. Mellode's house - Mr. Mellode walking up looks, 3d R. E., in a different said from that worn in the and down the stage, excited.

Mr. Mellode. - I don't believe it. Yet it might be so. Mr. Melloder (coming down stage).—I thought I would walk out, and see what effect my guitar will have on the bruneste. Ha, here's her window. (Going up stay, when Miss W healt appears at a window.)

Mr. Melloder.—I don't believe it. Ye is might be so. I never knew Riddle to do anything but I never knew him to say anything but when Miss W healt appears at a window.) now, and give these lovers a chance to see each other, at least. If I catch this fellow making love to my wife, won't I drub him, though. Susan!

Suam.—Yes, sir.

Mr. Méliode.—Suam, you're a pretty girl. Suam, 1 have a husband in my eye for you. Yes, Susan, and he's rich. (Aside.) If this does not make her my confident mething case. onfidant, nothing can.
Same. — What color 's his whiskers Mr. Milloda. - Oh, they're black - jet black.
Suson. - I don't like black whiskers.

Mr. Mellota. - Weil, he dyes them black. You can have them any color you choose.

Shows. — Well, I like red ones best, for I once had a

Shum.—Well, I like red ones best, to red as acarlet, Mr. Métholz.—Well, Suma, they're red as acarlet, Now, Suman, I want you to tell me about that young man who plays the guitar under the window evenings. Shum.—I dun't know, sir, of any young man. Mr. Midade.—You don't, sh? You don't know of a young man who comes here when I am absent?

Amer.—O, you, sir, I do.

Mr. Midade.—Ha, you do, Susan. O, you're a bean-

tiful girl a very pretty girl. Susan, I have taken a great liking to you of late. Now, tell me what you know about him. Ahem—does he talk to your mis-

Summ Yes, sir, he does.

Saston Yes, sir, he does,

Mr. Melledo —He does, eh? (Ande.) Oh, the scoundrel, won't I pulverize him. Did you ever see him
do—make—ahem—offer any kind of—hem—love?

Saston — O, yes, sir; he's very bold. He kinsed—

We Mello be Your mistress!! Soam. No, sir. He kissed me once afore I knew it.
O, he a a very handsome fellow, and has beautiful red

Mr. Melloder. Pooh! (Ande.) My wife fall in love with a man who has red whiskers! The idea is revolting. Sason. You know him, sir. I heard you call him

We Mellinles What? John Crust the baker!

Susan. Yes, sir, that's him.

Mr. Melloder. Pshaw! Susan, you're a gossan, who must now be off. 'Susan, tell your mistress when she comes that I will not be home before 12 o'clock. un. I will, sir

Susan. Yes, sit

Mr. Mellade. Tell you're mistress, when she that I won't be home for a week. | Ent. R. lat E.

SCENE III.

The streeth in front of Mallodge's house. Enter L. Vet E., Ver. Melocke dressed as a young men, and having a guitar, gets to the wondow and commerces plaging. Mos Francisco Williams Whoselle appears at the window disquised as Mrs. Melloder. Mrs. Mellodie commerces to any and play. Enter Nr. Hallite at bift wing of "Mentrance."

Mr. Reddle. There he is. I am just in time. See that Mormon! Now where's Free Mellodee. Ha, ha! where's Free Mellodee now? Oh, that Mellodee was here! But whether he be here or not, he'll lose his Ha, ha! how I will laugh to see his hat fall over his eyes when he takes off that fancy wig of his! He jibed apid laughed at me for my false moustache and bad teeth. But where is he? O, that he was here now! s

Mrs. Melloder -- I have broken the strings of

guitar. (She is trying to fix it). I wish I could fix it.

fear I cannot.

Mr. Reddle. - He has broken the strings of his guitar! This will never do! My wagers is, that he is playing the guitar. He hasn't it fixed yet. I am afraid he won't play any more. Then, certainly, I'd lose my

Mrs. Mellodie (coming down stage). I wish some on

would fix my guitar.

Mr. Roddle.—If he don't play any more, I lose my noustache, and am a laughing stock for everybody.

Mrs. Melloder.—Friend, can you fix the string of my

Mr. Riddle. Certainly. It is my business; it is my profession to make and mend guitars. [ Takes guitar and fixes it.

(Mrs. Mellodee disappears, L. 1st E.) (Mr. Riddle commences to play, when Miss Wheedle raises the window.)

Flourcy Wheedle. Good evening, my dear. Mr. Riddle.—Good evening, my love! (Aside). Oh! isn't she an awful coquette! Oh! if Mellodee was

here now! (going up and playing).
(Miss Wheedle kisses her fingers to him, and he returns it). Mr. Kildle. O! don't I wish her husband was here now!

Muse Wheedle. 'Tis a beautiful night, my dear.

Won't you come in?

Mr. Roddle.—By-and-by, my love (rushing down stage).
Oh! don't I wish Free Mellodee was here. Wouldn't there be fun! (Gost up again and plays. She kisses her fingers to him, and he returns it.)

( Enter R. 1st E., Mr. Mellodee, with a cane in hand). Mr. Mellodee. - Ha! Here's that scoundrel now. (Ruskes up and catches Riddle by the coat collar, and strikes him with the case.) Villain! Rascal! Ecoundred! Mr. Raddle.—I am not the man! Stop! Rabe! (Futer force on him engre managures, on in it, showing, "Cane him! Lay on him?" They all strike him.

Mr. Riddle.—I am not the man! I am Jerry Riddle!
Mr. Millode.—What! Mr. Riddle! Oh, you old villain! Is this the deception you practice on your

Enter from seing, left lat E., Mrs. Mileoder. Ruddle .- There he is! There's that young Mor

Mrs. Melloder .- Mr. Mellodee ?

Mrs. Mellodes.—Mrs. Mellodee et.
Mrs. Mellodes.—How! My Wife! (approaching her.)
Mrs. Mellodes.—I'll explain it all. This old mischiefmaker (counting to Riddle), whom you camed so deservedly, overheard a lady of my acquaintance tell me of a young man who comes to her window even. ngs, and plays the guitar, and mistaking her for me he came and told you of it. And this is the way I planned to be revenged on him. Don't you think it was a good one?

Wr. Riddle (aside).—I lose my moustache. That's

clear.

Wr. Mellodes. Very good, and you were very right,

my dear Clos.

Mrs. Melloder.—Here's Miss Wheedle, whom that young man plays the guitar to, and who represent herself—not me. Miss Flouncy Wheedle, allow me to

ntroduce you to my husband, Mr. Mellodee.

Miss Wheells (astenished). Your husband, Mrs. Mel-Why, he's the man who has been making love

dee (ande). - So much the Miss Wheedle .- The young man I told you of, who plays on the guitar.

Mrs. Melloder. -- What, Free? Can this be?

Mr. Mellode. Well, I confess, my dear Cloe, I have been guilty of a few indiscretions. But I assure you I

been guilty of a rew indiscretions. But I assure you a never make a practice of them.

Mrs. Melioder.—Ha, then, instead of you finding me out, I have found you.

Mrs. Melioder.—Yes, but I am reformed.

Mrs. Melioder.—And as am I.

Mrs. Melioder.—And Riddle, for some good advice you are ready even grountache. But the gave me, you can retain your moustache. But the next time you bet, be sure that you'll win.

NEWSPAPER STRATEGISTS.

There is nothing against which the single-minded public needs to be more effectually warned, in these days of marching, counter-marching, and maneuvring, than elaborate disquisitions in newspapers upon the strategical aspects of the campaign. A knowledge of than elaborate disquisitions in newspapers upon the strategical aspects of the campaign. A knowledge of strategy is something upon which a large number of writers are fond of pluming themselves, and are almost as reluctant to concede ignorance upon the precise manner in which fields ought to be won, as a sailor to confess inability to ride well on horseback. Every man would fain believe that he is something of a genman would fain believe that he is something or a general, and in default of a chance of proving it in a bloody encounter, he is delighted to be allowed to Were Mr. Ozzazar a acientific man, and competent or ording in respect to the quantity of gold

a species of quackery, in which no earnest, honest journal ought to indulge, and which deserves to be classed with the "Invigorators" and "Ready Reliefs" of the curative art. Even Jomini did not write upon on's campaigns until they were over .- N. I

### Special Notices.

OCEAN MAIL STEAMERS.—The European mails, by the steamship OCEAN QUEEN, hence for Southampton, will close at the New York Postoffice, to-day, July 2, at 10 14

CHURCH'S NIAGARA has never before (except on o

in any way. THE FORMER has never appeared so well, an WILLIAMS, STEVENS & WILLIAMS, No. 353 Broadway

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HENRY CLAPP. Jr., Bitter

NEW YORK, JULY 2, 1859.

We send several numbers of this week's NATURDAY Prace to the different Watering Places in the country, with the request that all the ladies and gentlemen who are so fortunate as to see it, will immediately show their intelligence and good taste (to say nothing of their gratitude) by subscribing to it.

TO OUR FRIENDS. or tricity according to the friends of The Saturday Pass will receive our makes the

thanks for their successful efforts in increasing its circu-lation, and, at the same time, allow us to express the hope that they will not relax their labors during the Pass aims to be a paper which every gentleman in the country will feel a pride in having on his table.

will be kind enough to notify us if they wish to con tinue receiving the paper.

The careful reader of the Savranar Pans will observe that its weekly list of New Books and Books in serve that its weekly list of New Books and Books in Press contains more literary information than can be found in any other paper in the country. For this reason,—as well as for its independence of all cliques, and its rigid exclusion of all puffs,—the Saturnax Passe is entitled to the support of all who are interest

We take pleasure in announcing that G. H. Aven Eaq., of Owego, N. Y., is associated in the proprietor-ship and business management of the New York Sar-

FLUNKEYISM.

The newspapers all over the country are making a great noise about the fact that Mr. Gazenzy has gone to Pike's Peak.

Now, we have no objection to Mr. Gazenzy's going

to Pike's Peak, nor, for that matter, to his staying here.

This is a free country, and a man has a right to go

where he pleases.

But we do object to having it considered as of the alightest consequence to anybody but himself and his friends, whether Mr. GREELEY has gone to Pike's Peak

and go we should all of us be as he Peak put together. Now this is the biggest Pike's Peak st

All we can possibly know in addition, knew before, is that whether there is not, Gazzzar is there, and that he, if not But what is the use of saying this? The sepichave got so used to being humbugged by the present that they half like it, and will, at first, hardly sayive

the journal that attempts to undeceive the In fact, humbuggery of all kinds has been necessity to them, and accordingly the names are in every mouth are not our mon of a not our scholars, our inventors, our great tea any kind—but our Barnums, and Bonners, an ers, and Greeleys, who having acquired a cer-titious reputation, are landed from Mains to

as if they were prophets.

So true is this that the alightest incident coexcled with them is taken up by the press and trumped all ver the world.

This is the kind of thing the press delights in and it is a kind of thing that disgraces not only the press but the individuals whom it thus fawns upon.

Mr. Greeley has been injured more by that white coat than by anything else in the world; and yet the papers are now foisting a blue umbrella upon aim, which doubtless will, for the rest of his life be de of his constant appendages, under the protection of which he may say and do what he pleases, and have it accounted for window.

Now Mr. Greeley is doubtless a very good kind of man. As good, at any rate, as the average. Probably a shade better. But he is neither a saint nor a age; and the fact that he passes for both shows only the standard, among us, both of virtue and of wisdom. We do not wish to undervalue any man, but if here is one habit in this country more vulgar and more degrading than any other, it is that of elevating commonplace men into heroes, while we leave men of real worth to live and die in obscurity.

And now that we have said our say, we may as well

worth to live and die in obscurity.

And now that we have said our say, we may as well add that we were impelled to say it by the feeling of inexpressible diagust which came over us on realing the following bit of flunkeyism in the Philadelphia lence of the Trobune :

correspondence of the Tribuse:

PRILADRIPHIA, June 28, 1850.

The dispatch from Mr. Green, at the Gold Mises, has been waited for by thomsands all over the country. It sets at rest the last remaining doest, for, by common consent, it is known that Ar is to be believed. But the bright side only of the picture he has given motion for the mines, from every lide hamlet in the Union. What a commentary on the lotty character he has achieved, does this event offer! When the first stampede of the returning gold-hunters was paraded through the press, and all were hesitating which story to believe, the best or the worst, it was known that Mr. Greens was an an end of the word of the terms of the mines—that he would shortly reach the doubtful scene, and that his verdict on its richness or poverty would soon be rendered. Public opinion was everywhere suspended, and the world of would-be-gold-hunters kept gill until that verdict should come, knowing that whatever Horaca Greens would not be not be rendered. Public opinion was everywhere suspended, and the doubtful scene, and that he world of would-be-gold-hunters kept gill until that verdict should come, knowing that whatever Horaca Greens will now be as ten to one before his visit. What a singular coincidence it was, that he should arrive at the mines just at the doubtful moment, reversing, by a dash of his pen, the public opinion of an entire nation!

THE LATE RAILBOAD SLAUGHTER.

Win the competent authorities see to it that the birectors of the Southern Michigan Railroad are immediately arrested and put on trial for the killing of hierarchana perspan, and the bell infamous mismanarchant.

their infamous mismanagement?

In France every one of them would be sent to prious for a long term of years. Their wealth and respectively and have no effect except to aggravate thould ior a long term of years. Their wealth and respectively bility would have no effect except to aggravate their guilt, and increase their punishment. Still less of the Railroad. This very ignorance would a cone of the strongest points made against them, the courts would argue, what right, has a man to accept a position devolving upon with responsibility for life and property, unless he, means faithfully to perform all its duties?

The same course what is pursued in France in such

form all its duties?

The same course that is pursued in France in such ... Arm, ought to be pursued here. The Directors of ar railroad and steamboat companies ought to be held strictly accommon that it is not a strictly accommon to the same of t

TO OUR FRIENDS.

The friends of The Savenday Passe will receive our hanks for their successful efforts in increasing its circulation, and, at the same time, allow us to express the heatest serm. We make this appeal with all the heatest serm. We make this appeal with all the more confidence from the fact that The Savenday Passe sims to be a paper which every gentleman in the country will feel a pride in having on his table.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers who paid for the Savenday Passe for six months, and whose term of subscription has expired, will be kind enough to notify us if they wish to continue receiving the paper.

Subscribers who paid for the Savenday Passe for six months, and whose term of subscription has expired, will be kind enough to notify us if they wish to continue receiving the paper.

sponsible for the performance of their duty.

But the thing to do now, in order to bring thing to

BY THE OVERLAND ROOMS; OR, ALL THE WAY PROMISED STREET TO CURA, WITH SURBEY EXPORTED IN MAJOR CREMENT, WILLIAM TYR, WAS INCARCEDATED OF HER JOURNAL TO REAL PRACTICAL WAS INCARCEDATED OF HER JOURNAL TO REAL PRACTICAL WAS

Yes, the overland-route I took, simply because two more convenient—the steamer not plying this because two more convenient—the steamer not plying this because the first of the steamer not like a word about that little, foreign, specific did have no deabt of their doing transmission execution and taking some princases. Charlotte has handled a sword, and he more not convenient to the more convenient to the next of Alberhamy count and he more more plants the more convenient to the liberality of modern and progressive jumply will allow us to call it on island—mindeed but the liberality of modern and progressive jumply will allow us to call it on island—mindeed but the liberality of modern and progressive jumply will allow us to call it on island—mindeed but the liberality of modern and progressive jumply will allow us to call it on island—mindeed but the liberality of modern and progressive jumply will allow us to call it on island—mindeed but the liberality of modern and progressive jumply will allow us to call it on island—mindeed but the liberality of modern and progressive jumply will allow us to call it on island—mindeed but the liberality of modern and progressive jumply will allow us to call it on island—mindeed but the liberality of modern and progressive jumply will allow us to call it on island—mindeed but the liberality of modern and progressive jumply will allow us to call it on island the liberality of modern and progressive jumply will allow us to call it on island the liberality of modern and progressive jumply will allow us to call it on island to the liberality of modern and progressive jumply will allow us to call it on island to the liberality of modern and progressive jumply will allow us to call it on island to the libe eral, and in default, of a chance or proving it is bloody encounter, he is delighted to be allowed to prove it on paper.

If the general on the spot, with dozens of men bred to the work, doing all that money, destreity, industry, and corrage can do to keep him informed of what he cought to know, is, nevertheless, constantly groping his way in the dark, every day indebted for his successes, in a greater or low degree, to happy accidents, what must be the position of an editor who undertakes to any are suffered, what manouvres ought to have been mention. They leave us a conspletely in the dark, on the gold question, as we were before. The sun interfectly gathered up her directly above the position of mentions in the provision of the country in which it is carried on.

This is sufficiently shown by his letters, which are infection, with just such acraps of information to guide him as he can pick out of newspapers printed sitting nearer the battle-field? Above all, what must be his position whose he dollberstakely undertakely undertakely undertakely undertakely undertakely undertakely undertakely country in which it is carried on, are things within every man's ken, and upon which a thought or occupitation of the country in which it is carried on, are things within every man's ken, and upon which a thought or occupitation of the country in which it is carried on, are things within every man's ken, and upon which a thought or occupitation of the battle field? Above all, what must be his position whose he dollberstakely undertakely und

rheumatism was hobbling on his crutches, and he of
the mighty watch-the; also the ordinary villagem,
such carrying some ambign of his sailing on his comtenance. The house cobbie, with his leather and
shadings, and, leat of avel, his wax three-ind on his features to distincity that I could read "Boot and Shoe
Maker" in his are a shough it stood there in the bigblack letters of his sign. And the taffor clipt around
so sharply among the crowd that any one would have
called him the knight of the shears. And the merchant, who measured each face as though it were a
yard of calico, and weighed each word as though it
were a pound of allapice. Happy Cubans, out with
pipes (Cuba and no Havanas! Clay pipes! Oh, shade
of the wicked weed!) to engage in provincial partimes.
"Jim" and "Bill" were to run a foot-race—were to
run, had run several, and were running—match after
match came off, many papers of tobacco changed hands,
and that inland island was shaken to its centre by the
shouting and the fun. This is ruralising, thought I.
But now for the balmy sleep of the country—for some
Pan to bring a seplay from the coolest hill-top and
woo the ache from my temples and fan me to repose.
Third story, rather steep! Feather bed, rather

Third story, rather steep! Feather bed, rather soft! A band of music on the floor above. Now, if all sort I a tand of mass on the noor sore. Now, and poured into Mt. Vesuvius as a musical lining to its hollowness, and this same Vesuvius had been horisontalized in Cuba as a French horn, and blown through by a "Nor-Easter," it wouldn't have been unearthlier, not arsher to "all out-doors" than this brasen-mouth Well, I am easily flattered by attentions - have a goo Well, I am easily flattered by attentions—have a good-humored way of construing an insult often into a compliment—and that I.—So ho! A screnade! In-nocent and appreciative country people! Not so dul-cet as Dodworth would render "Yankee Doodle," yet laborioss, loud, and long. "Kind friends," thought I.—for I had an extempore speech at tongue's end, anticipatory of being called out. "Kind friends—no more of that exquisite melody on my account—you have proyen that your wind is sound. I thank "—but more of that exquisite melody on my account—you have proven that your wind is sound. I thank "—but they didn't call me out. I felt like a bottle of spark-

they didn't call me out. I feel like a bottle of spark-ling catawba, fermenting and efervescing furiously within, and each additional tune was a cork-screw to unstop my feaming ire. "The most melodious hours will close," gaith the poet. Melodious bands in rehearsal for Independence day, will do ditto—that is, close; eyes and several other things, likewise. Doors won't, however, unless they are fortunate enough to have either lock, bolt, or incumbrance. I have heard of an Irish woman who locked a cotton trunk with a pin; I locked my door with a chair-back. Honest Cubans! They can't have designs more may be a small Post to the can't have designs more may be a small Post to the can't but the name of Mr. Liggins. locked a cotton trunk with a pin; I locked my door with a chair-back. Honest Cubans! They can't have designs upon my lean purse! Feather beds are warm! One, two, three doors opening out of my room! That isn't a robber's boot rasping on the stairs! No, it is an honest anore which has set down upon the conscience of an ex-member of assembly, whom, I was told, I was honored to be near. Well, sleep is a flirt, a vixen; court her, coax her, and she spurns you. A quiet smoose must have ensued about here, for bang! alam! I am brought to my perpendicular by the tumbling of the chair, and a man at the head of my bed, skulking, actually. Heigh ho! "Gold and silver have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee." Your boots, Mister; want your beots blacked!"

How I ever survived that night, I know not; but I did, unharmed. My host, in the morning, came as columnly to my room to escort me down to breakfast,

did, unharmed. My host, in the morning, came as selemnly to my room to escort me down to breakfast, as though I had been a first class funeral, and he an ecomplished undertaker. That man has certainly nistaken his calling. Such obvious accomplishments or the coffin and hearse business, would gain him high nor see comm and hearse business, would gain him high professional grade in our city. He discourseth so measuredly also. "There," saith he, "within those identical four walls was Greeky incarcerated, on his way to Pike's Peak." Upon those identical feathers he snoosed. "The brave reformer was not held "in dur-ance ville" by a mob of revolutionary Cubans; was not you must user verifically related the too mme nost veritably relates), the great man had a breech in his breeches, and was confined to the feath-ers until the sun had passed the meridian. Contem-plate the august Greeley thus imprisoned—forgotten by the hostess, who had mislaid his unmentionables—

by the hostes, who had mislaid his unmentionables—sollioquising on the goal of greatness. Think of his wardrobe. I understand now what he means when he writes: "I was not much encumbered by my luggage." The landlady is said to hold her solled hands sacred from henceforth. The needle is triumphantly stack through the wing of a pasteboard American eagle, ornamenting the dining-room—an honor yielding to it for having wrought in its country's service.

How can I write more? How could I have written less? Time faileth me to poetise the scenery; to sing the many virtuess of the people. Visit them if you can. You will come in contact with much that is refreshing and green. Still, if you are called to heaven before you are to take the "overland route" to Cubs, smile sweet acquiescence, for what might be their loss, would doubtless be your everlasting gain.

### Literary Notes.

Means. Bartlett & Miles, Boston, have in press to be published shortly, Recollections, by Samue Rogers, of personal and conversational intercourse with Charles James Fox, Grattan, Porson, Horne Tooke, nd, Lord Erskine, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Green ville, the Duke of Wellington, etc. etc. Edited by

is, is writing from Florence. She is a true woman, and her letters are, of course, warmly imbued with a love of the Italian cause, which she defends with almost manart Yankes giths abroad, and she is one of them. Charlotte Cushman and Harriet Homerare in Florence. Miss Field is sojourning at a substrban villa, next to that at which Mrs. Browning laid the scene of her great peem-novel, "Aurora Leigh." This English poetess (formerly Elimbeth Barrett), and her poet-husband, still reside there, we believe. If the horrors of war, including an Austrian invasion, with the customary fearful concomitants, should befull Florence, our recentry women there will defend themselves, we prefunds, like heroat. With Charlotte Cushman for a captain, likitie Henner as lieutenant, and our gallant Hitle "Straws. Jr.," as standard bearer, we should have so deads of their doing tremsidous execution and taking some prisoners. Charlotte has handled a sword, and been "united at all points like a man," many a time and off; and surely a woman who has literally "eat her way" through the solid rock, would not be lang in hewing a path through an Austrian brigade.—
Glasson's Lies of Battle Ship.

— We learn from a gentleman connected with one

on his crutches, and he of tion of the binding of the volume, the handwitte Mr. Collier in the try or. This opi did, will be made public som.

— We cup the following hit of spread-

Our Flag. BY HENRY O. CLARE, N.D. Run up our Flag on every mast! Fling out to every breeze! For prood old England yields at last The freedom of the seas! Run up our Flag, &c. Upon its field of heavenly blue, Sprinkle the stars of night!

Our Eagle greets the rising sun!

And on the distant sea.

Telling of peaceful victors won,
Our flag is floating free!

Our Eagle greets, &c.

No " BIGHT OF BEABUR!" for evermore Unchallenged on the sea, Our ships shall sail from abore to shore. Whate'er their errand to! No right of search, &c. Bun up our Flag on every mast! Fling out to every breeze! For proud old England yields at last The freedom of the seas! Rnn up our Flag, &c.

. hat high respectable weekly in this city, is about to change i name to the Fire-Cint-ury; and that, to make up for the somewhat secular character of its hebdomada issue, it purposes to start a pious daily, to be called th

- The London Critic of June 11th, cor statement in the N. Y. Tribune to the effect that Col. Fuller was quite a lion in the elegant circles of the British metropolis, remarks that "the fact will be en tirely new to those who have the honor of moving within the circumference of those circles."

- A Mr. Joseph Liggins-" Phæbus, what a name has not only declared himself the author of "Adam Bede," but has been receiving contributions on the ground that the Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons gaves little for the work in question, a fact which the Messrs. Blackwood deny, and also publish a letter from Mr. George Eliot, the reputed author of the work, claiming the honor for himself. The whole question is one of the literary disputes about which the public can hardly form an opinion, as not knowing either party and having to decide between two flat contradictions. The best way we know of, is to decide upon the probability

the use of tobacco, coming, too, from a bishop.

— The French Academy has unanimously awarded. its great prize of poetry to a young lady, Mile. Ernotine Drouet, a governess in a school at Paris.

- The MS. of an unpublished volume, by De Foe, er

titled "The Compleat Gentleman," entirely in the au-thor's hand-writing, was recently sold at auction in London, for £69. At the same sale, a collection of letters and papers belonging to Dr. T. F. Dibdin, was sold for £51 8s.; and thirteen original letters from Sir Land Trecent take in London, an autograph of Sir Walter Scott, being the MS. of "The Death of the Laird's Lock," and a highland anecdote, brought £10 10s.; and a collection in two volumes, comprising the autograph of Cardinal Beatoun, Mary Queen of Scots, the Regent Murray, Queen Elizabeth, Regent Mar, Walter Devereux Earl of Essex, Cecil Lord Burleigh, Charles and Walter Devereux Earl of Essex, Cecil Lord Burleigh, Charles and Walter Devereux Earl of Essex, Cecil Lord Burleigh, Charles and Walter Devereux Earl of Essex, Cecil Lord Burleigh, Charles and Walter Devereux Earl of Essex, Cecil Lord Burleigh, Charles and Walter Essex Sir Francis Walsingham, James I. and VI., Henry Quatre of France, a holograph letter, Charles I., Queen Henrietta Maria, Charles II., James Duke of York,

- Will the Tribure, Times, Herald, Daily News (but the latter has evidently neither grammar nor spelli book), Express, Journal of Commerce, Ossiver and Enqui etc., etc., inform us what they mean by the phr

coup de soliel ? The following satire on Pre-Raphaelitism appear in the London Athenrum of June 4, over the signature

Spring, after Millans.
Take green weed, and bodi it well;
This will make your grassy dell;
With the rolled out rined;
Place your Nymphs in Masquerade,
Sitting, standing, kneefing, lying,
Pating, drinking, sulking, skyhing;
Or, in lany length outspread,
With the knees above the head,
Let them, flowering, as you pass,
Saw the lips with bents of grass.
In gorgeous colors let them flout,
Like servants on their Sunday out,
inly far more gay—and londer,
With the face all rouge and powder.
Give the dissipated couls Give the dissipated souls Golden spoons, and wooden bowls, Frank, with flowrets gay, the hair (Make out these, with extra care), And, around the vizens, strew Blooms of blazing red and blue, Whilst the solemn conclave, thus, Mythic Syllabubs discass.

If the details win your praise, O, be careful how you gase! Or while these you seek to spy out, Apple boughs may poke your eye out; Forests, in one focus, present, Coming much more near than pleasant. Then the rest of t

Contents of Magazines.

Forth American Review, for July: The Life and Poems of Michael Angelo; Judicial Ordeals; British Strictures on Republican Institutions; Life of Lord Cornwallis; Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease Contemporary French Literature; Chief Justice Par-sons; Fowler's English Grammar; Critical Notices

New Publications.

Notices:

Voted bores, and the only man in the party who could sing, or tell a decent story, was down with an astrack of low fever. A lucky thought in some one, suggested "a little something to take." We called the land-lord.

Notices:

Notices: George Muller: Review of Current Literature; Lite

NEW PUBLICATIONS For the week ending July 2, 1860.

Per the west ending July 2, 1859.

The Poetical Works of Edgar A. Poe. With an original Memoir. 18mo. pp. 278. [Blue and gold.]

New York: J. S. Redfield. 1856.

New York: J. S. Redfield. 1856.

The Two Paths: Being Lectures on Art, and its application to Decoration and Manufacture. Delivered in 1858-9. By John Ruskin, M. A., anthor of "Moodern Painters," "Stones in Venice," "Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Elements of Drawing," etc. With plates and ents. 12mo. pp. 217. New York: John Wiley. 1850.

History of the City of New York. From its excitients of the Present Time. By Mary L. Booth. Illustrated with over 100 engravings. 8vo. pp. 856.

New York: John Wiley. 1859.

The Pitate. By Sie Walter Roots. [Library of Sterling

alracing a History of the Va-The China Mission The China Mission. Sminncing a History of the Va-ricous Missions of all Demoninstitions among the Chi-ness. With Biographical Sketches of Duceased Mis-sionaries. By William Dean, D.D., twenty years a missionary to China. New York: Shelden & Co. The Horticulturist and Journal of Rural Art and Taste. Vol. 14. No. 7. July, 1869. New York: C. M. Sayton.

Saxton.

Carroll's New York City Directory to the Hotels of Note, Piaces of Amusement, Public Bulldings, etc., etc. With a Description of, and Directions when and how to Visit the Prominent Objects of Interest; also, to the leading Commercial Firms in every Commercial Pursuit. With Proctical Quotations, Proverbs, Gems of Literature, and Wit. By G. Danielson Carroll. 12mo. pp. 216. New York: Carroll & Co. 1859.

Hewitt's Encyclopedia of American Bank-Note Cur-rency: an Infallible Detector of Spurious, Altered, and Counterfeit Mosey, by Photo-Lithographic Fac-Similes in Miniature, of every Genuine Bank Note in the United States and Canadas. No. 1. New York: William Consland & Co. 1859. The Swimmer's Guide. By an Experienced Swimmer New York: Fowler & Wells. 1869.

Correspondence.

ALMOST A PANTHER-HUNT.

HARTFORD, CONN., June 27, 1859. ons country, where the Green Mountains begin to lose their loftiness, but are rendered none the less rough and rugged thereby, about five miles above the small village of Reedsboro, stands, or stood, a rambling, old fashioned hostelry, kept for more than a generation by a family named Canada. I understand that within a few years past other buildings have grown up about the "tavern;" that there are, a mill of some sort, the "tavern;" that there are, a mill of some sort, several private residences, a "store," and—last and novation of all, speaking, as it does, of death

lieve, too, that a party of engineers, making surveys in connection with the great "Hoosac Tunnel" read, have passed through there with transit, level, and (What doers away with romance those railroad quite a lad, I made my first visit to the place in com-pany with my father, an uncle, and consin. We went for trout. Five streams and a pond within a mile of the house—one of the former runs through the inu yard—rendered the locality at that time one of the best in New England for the sport beloved by "con--a lesson that has cost thousands of trout their lives

The principal items of remembrance cont that visit, in my mind, are an immense bear-trap, with great spikes for teeth, that overlapped each other seve-ral inches when it was closed; the fact that we perormed our daily toilets by the aid of a commodious corse-trough in the yard; the horror of my Cousin George on discovering, one evening, long, red, finale hairs in his comb; and the falling of my father through hairs in his comb; and the falling of my father through hairs in his comb; and the falling of my father through a rather wide interstice in a "corduroy railroad" while we were returning, one very dark night, from a day's sport at the "Scotch Settlement"—a collection of de-serted log huts, some eight miles away. On that town with no inhabitants, that we could discover, save venerable bald eagle and a few "chipmunks

In 1852, I visited the place again with a fellow-stu-dent, who with me, was following a course of mathe-matical study at the Lawrence Scientific School in Cambridge. Some sign of the changes of which I have spoken above were then manifest, but there was

yet no store, nor any schoolhouse there.

We drove our weary horses to the inn door, and alighted. It was the same old bar, with the red counter and the wide fire place. The old supplied his place amongst the black bottles and broken glasses; in the uncouth young man, with faded, whitey-brown hair, who acted as hostler, I recognised the boy Canada, hired, at a dollar per day, as "guide, philosopher, and friend." friend," upon my former visit, and who then excited my boyish admiration by catching half pound trout with a bit of his red woolen" comforter," in place of he more artistic backle.

He came in shortly, and amused himself with a comfortable stare at the strangers.

"I see you have forgotten me, Dwight; I remember
you, and our crossing the bill; one dark night, from
the Scotch Scttlement, when my father got into a

"I swan!" said Dwight.

He said nothing further for the moment, but going behind the bar, opened a drawer filled with all sorts of small odds and ends, from which he presently pro-duced a white-handled pocket-knife. There was a dimly familiar look about it that I could not explain till he spoke.

"I've kep it for you going on to eight years, now!"

I looked at my Cambridge friend. He was lighting a cigar, and merely muttered something about "lack

Why did you not use it yourself?" "Why do you not use it yourself"
"Do you suppose I'd borry a feller's property, an'
then stol it? I've felt sees lots o' times, for fear
you'd think I did it a purpose."
I gave Dwight the handsomest book of flies he ever

We found that we had come three weeks too early for trout. While Massachusetts was warm and lovely in the full flush of May, this little corner of the world was cold with piled snow in the mountain gorges. The trout would not bite. We satisfied ourselves of that

So the second evening we sat, weary and forlorn, in the dingy bar-room; weary and forlorn, till we had gone deeply into the gin and water—which, with New England rum, and a vile compound they called "brandy," constituted all the tipple known to the place—and burly John Canada, on whom had fallen the mantle of his father, had opened his budget of rare car and panther stories.

I cannot pass the allusion to gin and water, above,

without relating an anecdote which actually took place in Saratoga county, New York, four or five years ago. It was one of a party of ten or a dozen, running the location lines for the Sacketts Harbor and Saratoga Railroad humbug. We stopped at a country-tavern, where we were put to sleep in the ball-room, and were looked upon with great awe and respect. It was one rainy day that we were all kept inside "by stress of matthe." weather," and were sorely troubled to find means for idling away the hours. Eucre and seven-up were voted bores, and the only man in the party who could

"Landlord," said I, " we'll have some milk punch.
"Yes—sir!" with an air of hesitation. "Perhaps
gentlemen, you would like to mix it yourselves?"

gentiemen, you would like to mix it yourselves?"
We assented, and he departed.
We presently heard an alternation below. His wife,
who "rode the grey mare," was berating him. I
shak she called him "a cussed fool."

It was full fifteen minutes before he appeared, fushed and embarramed, at the door. He bore in his arms a large tray; upon it were a notitle of gin, a pitcher of milk and the dinner-castors, containing pepper, vinegar, mustard, etc. "There, gentlemen," said he, "I saliew them's the intersecution.

ingregeoids."

Burly John's stories at the old Canada-tavern, wiled away the evening pleasantly. Without them, being strangers to the place, without neither books nor new-papers, the evening would have been rather stupid, although there was a certain grandeur in the dimly visible mountain-scenery, that would have kept one quiet at a window for hours.

The moon looked down screnely upon the narrow

valley, and the bleak undulations of dark hills; the broad and shallow stream, murmuring over pebbles, flashed faintly here and there with a pale glimmer that was, immediately beyond, lost beneath overhanging boughs; on a distant hill-side gleamed a hundred fiery mounds where a clearing was being burned over; nearer at hand, by the road-side, slept a half-dosen unsheltered kine. Altogether, the look-out from the window, was one not to be soon forgotton.

Within, the green was countly striking to a denise of

nearer at hand, by the road-side, slept a half-dosen unshehtered kine. Altogether, the look-out from the window, was one not to be soon forgotton. Within, the scene was equally striking to a denize of towns. A bright fire burned upon the hearth, easting flickering shadows about the room: dried means, and vegetables hung from the ceiling; John Canada sat upon his box, ano king a short clay pipe, between the whife, interjecting his stories, in small fragments; two or three neichbors, in their shirt sleeves ast listlessly about, each with his pipe. In one corner, a very thin, fried-up, crusty-appearing old fellow, with meist, red-eyes, and a continually hungry look, muddled himself, in a quiet way, with rum and sugar. The rest, all called him "Uncle Paul," and seemed rather to look up to him. So we sat listening to bursely olders stories.

He had concluded one, wherein he detailed his narrow escape when pursued by a female bear, whose cub he had stolen, and who finally "overcame" him by knocking him "end over end" over a fallen log, sfer which, she made off with the cub in her mouth, without so much as injuring him by a's ratch, when "Ucle Paul," who had hitherto kept mum, spake:

"You, all on you, that lives here, renember that bear I trapped for, over to kept mum, spake:

"You, all on you, that lives here, renember that bear I trapped for, over to kept mum, spake:

"You, all on you, that lives here, renember that bear I trapped for, over to Jake Bean's cornfield."

The men waked up from their indedent postures, and looked at each other, as who should say, "Now will get a story!"

"Now," said one of them, "never hered on't."

"That's a levele caroum," said 'Uncle Paul, "the was a dreffle greaf fellow: must have herted five hundred-weight, easy. Well, If it fell ye 'bout it. You see, the bear had been philandering 'round some considerably, and had cat up nigh onto the her of Jake's corn, so, one day Jake came over to my house, an' says he mean' says he mean'

stock corn all around it, an' set the trap--hitched onto the stake, jest outside the stack; but if a bear was such a blamed fool as to put his foot in that trap, when he came up to the stack to feed, he'd snake it right straight from the mark, an' there wouldn't be such trop left by mornin'

let the bear drag it. He wont go far 'fore he'll get tired, an' stop to rest, an' he's easy enough come up with the next day. He leaves his marks where he travels with that are trap hitched onto him.

" When Jake came over to borry my trap I had a kinder idea he wouldn't get it sot right. " 'Jake,' says I, 'how are you goin' to sot that

trap?"
"" Not it?' says Jake, 'why same as any other man

" Stake, says Jake.
" Jake, says I, 'I've trapped some, says I; 'now
take my advice, an' don't you do it.'

' I shall sot the trap to suit myself!' says Jake. blamed obstinate, 'but you wont never sot no trap o'

mine, that way!' says I.
"'Well,' say Jake, says he, 'sot the trap yourself,

if you're as blamed particular!

"Well Jake, says I, 'I don't care if I do go over, an' then that bear 'Il get ketched surs!"

"So I took down the old trap, straightened out all the spikes, hitched on a piece of log-chain that couldn't break, no ways, and went over with him. I looked over the piece o' corn a bit, an' I soon see where the

" 'Now, Jake,' says I, 'we'll go home to supper, an' to-morrow we'll tickle that bear's ribs!'

"Mebbe we will!' mays Jake."

"Now look a here, Jake," says I, 'dont you go to

puttin' in none o' your mebbs. Jest you go to that bear's ours, sure!'' Here "Uncle Paul" ceased speaking, and took a small pull at his rum. Then he quietly relapsed into

ntire silence.

Not a word was spoken in the room.

"Well?" said I, at length.

tin' that trap, an' he knowed he wan't safe nowheres about. He aint never been seen in these parts sence!"

My Cambridge friend generously offered to share in the expense I incurred in my munificent "trust" at the lar that evening.

WARREST. No I didn't! You see the tarnal cum see me set that evening.

In my next letter I will endeavor to relate a of my first—and last—panther-hand

the story of my first-and last-panther-hunt.

THE LAST LEDGER STORY.

THE LAST LEDGER STORY.

The Salem (Mass.) Repister tells a good story of a teacher in a district whool in that neighborhood, who is in the habit of questioning the children under his charge as to what they know of various historical characters they happen to meet with in their books. A few days ago the name of Washington occurred in the morning lesson, and those who had anything to say about him were asked to raise their hands. Of course up went all hands, and young America once more paid tribute to him 'who was first,' etc.

'He never told a lle,' shouted one.

when each tribute to him "who was hist, etc."

'He never told a lie," shouted one.

'Ate out of a tin plate all through the war."

'Never smiled for nine years," cried a third.

'He was the father of his country," piped sweral.

'Edward Everett is getting money to buy his grave,

"Well, we shall see what we can find out about

"I know something about Edward "Well, what is it?" saked the tes "Well, what is it?" asked the teacher eagerly.

"He writes for the New York Ledger." She
read it in nice large letters on the fence as she

#### Bramatic Feuilleton.

a hotel, and the M. M. S. programmes are more ambitious than apropos.

That's my opinion, but as I was filled with wrath against Young Boston, and with grim despair about A. M., I may be prejudiced. A. M. said it was very nice, and Young Boston thought it was almost as good as the Brigade Band on the Common, although very dear. It cost him 7s. 6d., ices and all, and he has only six hundred a year.

But the Pearl of Manhattan leaned heavily on his cost-along or (ready made), and looked up in his eyes as

coat-sleeve (ready made), and looked up in his eyes as if she really meant it.

she really meant it.

It made me think of Prumic acid glace.

But I have concluded to live for Fame and Whiskers

But I have concluded to live for Fame and Whiskers.
In. Futuro.

Among the well-defined rumors of the day, I hear that Mesers. Bourcicault and Stuart will probably sell their lease of the property in Union Square, and take the Metropolitan. In the arrangements for next season, Laurs Keene's company suffers the most by secessions. The names of Blake (who goes to Wallack's), Sothern, and Jefferson are missing from her stock-list. Mr. A. H. Davenport, Mr. F. A. Vincent, Mr. G. Boniface, Mr. Mark Smith, and Miss Ads Clifton are among the new engagements. The name of Mr. George Jordan has been mentioned as one of the company of the "fasignating;" but I believe that the slayer of crinoline returns to the Creoles and pompano "down in Orleans."

Aristides Cincinnatus Piacide.

Arietides Cincinnatus Placide.

if you're so blanned particular!

"Well Jake, says i, "I don't care if I do go over, an' then that bear "Il get ketched sear!

"So I took down the old trap, straightened out all the spikes, hitched on a piece of log-chain that couldn's break, no ways, and went over with him. I looked over the piece of o'corn a bit, an' I soon as ewhere the bear had come in, night after night, till he had trod again as hard an' smooth as the top of that har, yender, (Don't care if I do take a drop more rum!) Soon 'a I clapped eyes on it I see my way clear.

"I shall ketch that bear," said I, 'right in that are puth; that's so, now!" and the spikes, shall ketch that bear," said I, 'right in that are puth; that's so, now!" and spot shall ketch that bear," said I, 'right in that are puth; that's so, now!" and spot shall ketch that bear," said I, 'right in that are puth; that's so, now!" and spot shall ketch that bear," said I, 'right in that are puth; that's so, now!" and spot shall ketch that bear, and I, 'right in that are puth; that's so, now!" and spot shall ketch that bear, and I, 'right in that are puth; that's so, now!" and spot shall ketch that bear, and I, 'right in that are puth; that's so, now!" and spot shall ketch that bear, and I, 'right in that are puth; that's so, now!" and spot shall ketch that bear, and I, 'right in that are puth; that's so, now!" and spot shall ketch that bear, and I, 'right in that are puth; that's so, now!" and shall ketch that bear, and I, 'right in that are puth; that's so, now!" and the shall ketch that bear, and I, 'right in that are puth; that's so, now!" and the shall ketch that bear, and I, 'right in that are puth; that's so, now!" and the shall ketch that bear, and I, 'right in that are puth; that's so, now!" and the shall ketch that bear, and I, 'right in that are puth; that's so, now!" and the shall ketch that bear, and I, 'right in that are puth; that shall ketch that bear, and I, 'right in that are puth; that's shall ketch that bear, and I, 'right in that are puth; that shall ketch

appreciate jests in exact proportion to their antiquity.

Placide leaves the theatre with the best possible prestige. Thomas, who is a bibliopole, a sportsman, and a first-rate model for a country gentleman, can say to pork and molasses "this here"—

" Nonne videmes, Nil alled sibi neturan latrare, nisi ut quod Corpore sejunctes delor aluit, mente frusta Jacundo senso, cugi senota, metaque?" Will the New Orleans Creams please copy and tru

"The Shp, Sir, the Slip?"

I remember that some time ago the Baron was a good deal exercised in his mind about a title for a magnificent play which he was blocking out. There was much profound cogitation on the subject. The Baron inclined towards "There's Many a Slip "Twist the Cup and the Lip." Others suggested that it was too long and proposed. "The Cup and the Lip." or, "There's Many a Slip." I suggested "The Slip," and was duly mubbed for it.

Well, new Gayler, when the Baron makes and the Slip."

mubbed for it.

Well, now Gayler, whom the Baron ranks among the finest minds of the age, has written a play for the Florences with the Baron's title, and as some of the papers my, somehody clas's plot, but that is probably an accidental resumblance in certain situation.

any, cometendy class's plot, but that is probably an accidental resemblance in certain situations.

I was not impressed with the brilliancy of the play, if it has any, but as it has quietly slipped out of the bills, and I profer cliniques to post moviens, I shall, quoting from Banks, "let it slide."

I advise ye Florences to adhere to short pieces. Mrs. Florence is admirable in them, and William has grown a much better actor than formerly.

Le Roi est Mort! Vive le Roi!

In concennance. I am told, of the manufable remarks.

Considering the weather, however, the acting here is pretty good. The company is a full and good one. The stage-manager should be more particular with his people on the question of clothes. Some of the gentlemen wear conts coewal with the Deluga, and the ladies ought to be told that there is such a thing as being too gorgeous. Miss Clifton wore, for example, in "Old Heads and Young Hearts," in an English country house, a heavy silk dress trimmed with sliver fringe. I don't believe that any civilised person, anywhere in real life, ever wore such a thing in the Semmer sesson, but they certainly don't do it in England. I am very glad to notice the steady improvement which Miss Clifton is making in almost every essential, and I hope she'll pardon me for suggesting this question of clothes as one worthy of her serious and prayerful consideration.

The stirring drama, "Pisarro, or the Death of Bol-la," has been brought out at Niblo's Garden. A friend from Athica informs me that it is a good piece with plenty of fine language into it.

Viva l'Italia

Decidedly the best thing that the Misses Goughen-heim have done is Brough's burleaque on "Massniel-lo." Miss Joseph plays Massniello a good deal, and part of him well, the last scene especially so. If she would only give some of the stage to some one clas-consionally, it wouldn't burt her a bit, and materially assist the engage of the acting is all fair and comoccasionally, it wouldn't hurt her a bit, and massivany assist the ensemble. The acting is all fair, and some of it very good, but the music was wretched. I have no patience with the parsimony which spoils a musica-piece to save a few dollars for an extra instrument or piece to save a few dollars for an extra instrument or

The piece itself is very good in its way,—slangy, of course, but always lively, and at times really witty. A few local hits have been introduced, and do no harm

nor good.
"Mansaniello" has been much relished
brethren from the South and the rural distric will probably remain some time longer on the bills. Herrn Ullmann and Strakosch have entered in partnership, and the next Operatic season will be an

#### Lobe-Matters.

— A young German named Von Heine, a grocer in New Orleans, had fixed his affections upon a girl who, he soon discovered, was no better than she should be, and her conduct drove him almost to madness. He went with the fire-company to which he belonged, one Sunday, and after the fire was over, went on a spree and drank himself into a desperate frame of mind. On Monday, during a sudden accession of frensy, he put the musale of a pistol into his mouth, and shattered his head to fragments by discharging it, thereby ending his troubles and his life together.

— An old Dutch farmer, just arrived at the dignity.

— An old Dutch farmer, just arrived at the dignity of a Justice of the Peace, had his first marriage case He did it up in this way. He first said to the man:

"Vell, you vants to be marrit, do you? Vel you lovish dis voman so good as any voman you have eve

Then he mid to the voman, " Vell, do you love an so better as any man you have ever seen?"
She hesitated a little while, and he repeated:
" Vell, vell, do you love him so vell as to be wife?

"Yes, yes," she replied.
"Yes, yes," she replied.
"Yell, dat ish all any reasonable man can expect to you are marrit. I pronounce you man and wife."
The man saked the Justice what was to pay. "No teing at all; you are velcome to it, if it vill do you

- Dr. Hall says that for the period of a moni

The rollowing is told of Hornee Vernet, the celebrated French artist: The artist was coming from Vermilles to Paris in the cars. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who were evidently acquainted with him. They examined him very minutely and commented upon him quite freely—upon his marthal bearing, his hale old aga, his military pantaleons, etc. The painter was annoyed, and determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train passed under the tunnel of \$8\$. Cloud, the three travellers were vrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth and kinsed it twice violently. On emerging from the obscurity, he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him and were accusing each other of having been kinsed by a man in the dark. Presently they arrived at Paris; and Vernet, on leaving them, mid: "Ladies, I shall be pushed all my life by the lengthy: Which of these two indies was it that kinsed me?"

— In the Court of Senions, hast week, George Meyer.

— In the Court of Semions, hast week, George Meyer, indicted for murdering his wife by beating her to death pleaded guilty to manufanghter in the first degree, answer sentenced to the State Prison for Me.

Le Rot est Mars! Vive le Roi!

In consequence, I am told, of the unaminhie remarks of your succharine cotemposary, the Tribus, the Mctropolitian Ministry tendered its resignation, the first Lord of the Treasury, Viscount Couway, giving up the keys to Lord Definid. The Chamelles of the Exchequer is represented to have been a little short, but that's probably a libel.

The new ministry has resigned the feverities of the old one, and has added to its strength by tendering office to Earl Jordan, the Dewager Duckson of Vermen, and Mary Ann. Countes of Gamen.

The new government has not distanced itself with any nevel expediculus as yot. I new part of a nather warm sension where Mr. Enterderedly's Chi Hunds and Young Hearts was under vanisherates, and tendered the distanced until his. The young wither sowers treatment at the hands of the opposition.

A motion to strike out all but the entering disms

4,120 couples living apart by consent. 191,023 couples living under the same

162,320 couples hating each other nasking, in public, their ferocious

1,102 couples reputed happy by the world, but who are not quite so in reality.

136 couples happy in comparison with others more

— Prentice says that two young Cincinnatians ran away with a couple of vessels from that city last week. The vessels were of that kind that St. Paul calls the

— On Thursday, June 5th, COUPT LOUIS KARIBER WAS married at No. 248 Fiftieth street, to Mas. Ameria F. JOHNSON, only daughter of the late Samuel Prior, Esq. of Oyster Bay, L. I.

of Oyster Bay, L. I.

— Marrians in High Leys.—Madison and Fifth avenues were in a state of as great excitement as the weather would permit yesterday morning, in consequence of the marriage of Mr. George G. Barnard, Recorder of the city and county of New York, to Miss Fannie Anderson, daughter of Mr. John Anderson, whose name is identified with the Lorillards, Gilzeys, and Lillienthals, in the tobscoc-trade of the metropolis. Mr. Anderson has, by his tact, industry and perseverance, accumulated a princely fortune, and the ceremony was performed at the Reformed Dutch Church, corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-first street, at eleven o'clock. The church was entirely filled, and among the audience were a great many exceedingly at eleven o'clock. The church was entirely filled, and among the audience were a great many exceedingly pretty women (brides in expectancy), and a crowd of politicians, more or less distinguished. Among the latter class were, Mr. Isaac V. Fowler, Fostmaster, and one of the groomsmen; Mr. John W. Forney, of Philadelphis; and Mr. Clancy, County Clerk. Subsequently to the coremony the bridal party and invited guests were entertained at a magnificent 'driemer à la fourchete, at the residence of Mr. Anderson, in Madison avenue. The whole affair was done up in grand style. fourchese, at the residence of Mr. Anderson, in Madison avenue. The whole affair was done up in grand style, and some two thousand invitations were issued. The Becorder, who has in his time sentenced a great many people, received the edict that terminated his bachelor life with the utmost equantimity; it he bride was charming, and every one gave the warnest expression to his congratulations. As we have stated above, the Recorder seemed rather to enjoy his captivity, and it is therefore quite certain that he deserves it. He will take a recess from his official duties till August.—Braid.

Henry Lee a gallent swain of 70 and Conthin

Henry Lee, a gallant swain of 70, and Cynthi
Fidge, a sharming damiel of 22, have eloped from th
Fall Biver Almshouse, and gone to parts unknown.

A newly married pair in Worthington were — a newly married pair in Worthington va-serenavied with tin pass, horns, and every other ima-shle instrument of discord and confusion, for two nig-in succession. Their patience giving out the sec-night, the husband threatened the disturbers w of shot among them. Seventeen of the shot took effect

-The Circuit Court of New York has decided that a wife has a pecuniary value. A man sucd the Hudson River Company for \$5,000, for the loss of his wife, who was killed by an accident on that road. The defence set up was, that no pecuniary damage had been su-tained but the jury thought otherwise, and decreed the bereaved husband \$2,000.

## One Ching and Another.

States there is such a scarcity of thieves they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

- It is said that Mrs. Browning's new poem about

— Customer to restaurant man: "Boy!" Restaurant man: "Don't call me a boy, sir—I'm no boy sir." Customer: "Then do as you'd be done by and don't call this old mutton less any more."

shown pine tree, and its legal value, we suppose and by the mark III. plainly stamped on on

- N is proposed to ch

According to the Courses des Blots Unit, there are at that since the issue of three cent pieces, the revenue of the Courses des Blots Unit, there are at that since the issue of three cent pieces, the revenue of this church had decreased nearly one half!

of inhabitants),—

1,862 wires who have left their husbands to follow their lowers.

2,871 husbands who have run away from their series.

An old woman to whom a Buffalo sharper owes several hundred dollars, which she cannot get, has adopted the expedient of taking her knitting work and sitting, from morning until night, under a tree in front wires.

— An exchange says: "So constant and lavish is the adulation bestowed by Mr. Beccher's admirers on all he says and does, that we verily believe that if the star-preacher suffered the agonies of delirium tremens and his ravings were taken down by a stenographer and published, they would be received, read, and val-ued by his admirers as pure gospel." A fair hit.

 While an eccentric preacher in Michigan was holding forth not long since in Detroit, a young man rose to go out, when the preacher said: "Young man, if you'c rather go to hell than hear me preach, you may go! The sinner stopped and reflected a moment, and say ing, respectfully, "Well, I believe I would," went on

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would not be hard. — The Negative D. no. powel et as:

Not on a field of hattle, when I die!

Not on a field of hattle, when I die!

Let not the iron tread

Of the mad way herse crush my helmed head;

Not it the resking knife.

That I have the resking knife.

That I have the resking hat is bother's life,

Thunders along, and tramples me beneath

His heavy squalrons breels,

I gory fellows of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying bed.
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red.
And the baid eagle brings
The cludered stars (spen his wide spread wings,
To sparkle in my sight.
O, never let my spirit take her flight!

O, here ret my spart case are

I know that beauty's eye

Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,
And brazen helmed stance.
And sun-bline flashes on the lifted lance:
I know that bards have sung.
And people shouted till the welkin rung
In homor of the brave

Who on the fattle-field have found a grave

I know that o'er their bone-liave grateful hands piled monumer-forme of those piles I've seen. The one at Lexington upon the give Where the first blood was she when the first blood was she

Where the first blood axis shed.
And to my country's independence led;
And others on our shere.
The "Battle Monocher's field.
And at the monocher's field.
Ay, and abread, a "Themistocles.
Thy the shear of the waters kins.
That looks only yet upon the threchan seas.
That looks only yet upon the threchan seas.
And the waters kins.
That issue from the gulf of Salamis.
And the country threchan, robust in green.
That had not the Pattoclas, robust in green.
That his a material knoll.
Sheep climb and thild ever as they stroll,
Watched by some turbaned boy.
Tpon the margin of the plain of Troy.
Such honors grace the bed.

Watched by some turbaned by your point margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honors grace the bed,

know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
And hears, as life telds out.

The conquered flying, and the conquerer's shout.
But as his eye grows dim.
What is a column or a mound to him?
What, to the parting soul,
The mellow note of logics? What the roll
Of drums? No, let me die
Where the blue beaven bends o'er me lovingly.
And the soft Summer air.
And from my forebead dries.
The death-damp as it gathers, and the skies.
Seem waiting to receive.
My soul to their clear depths! Or let me leave.
The world, when round my bed
Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered.
And the calm woice of prayer.
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare.
To go and be at rest
With kindred spirits -spirits who have blessed.
The human brotherhood
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.
In my dying hour.

In my dying hour.

In my dying hour.

Yen riches, fame, and honor have no power.

To bear the spirit up.

Or from my lips to turn aside the cup.

That all must drink at last.

Diet me draw refreshment from the past!

Then let my sool run back.

With peace and loy, along my carthly track.

And see that all the seeds

That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds.

Have sprung up, and have given.

Already, fruits of which to taste in heaven!

An Andrew which to take in neaver Andrew had brough no grassy mound for granite pile says 'lis heroic ground Where my remains repose. Still will I hope—vain hope perhaps—that those when I have striven to bless.

The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless, May stand around my grave.

With the poor prisoner, and the poorest slave, And breathe an humble prayer.

That they may die like him whose bones are mouldering the strip of the property of the p

# WAR OF THE DICTIONARIES.

supplied-with munitions of war. For ourselves, we acknowledge the merits of both Webster and Worcester. We have them both; we constantly use them both; nour extended scale than any or his former manuals; on which he has been occupied for many years, assisted by several colaborers, and which comprises several novel features of interest and value, as is hereinafter more fully set forth. We have had the opportunity of seeing the sheets of this great work, as far as they have been printed, and are thus entitled to say something about it. The proprietors of Dr. Welster's dictionary have just published a new edition of it, with much prefatory and supplementary matter, the particulars of which will appear in a subsequent part of this stream of which will appear in a subsequent part of this stream of which will appear in a subsequent part of this stream of the exact shades of meaning in world which are nearly allike. The table of synonymus are incorporated into the total flustrations, is preferred to the body of the work. In Worcester's, the synonymus are incorporated into the total control of the exact shades of meaning in world which are nearly allike. The table of synonymus are incorporated into the exact shades of meaning in world which are nearly allike. The table of synonymus are incorporated into the case of meaning in world which are nearly allike. The table of synonymus are incorporated into the case of meaning in world which are nearly allike. been-printed, and are thus entitled to say something about it. The proprietors of Dr. Webster's dictionary have just published a new edition of it, with much

We will imagine the case to have been concluded, the evidence on both sides to have been put in; the counsel to have made their arguments; and that nothing remains but the charge of us, the presiding judge, to the jury, which we should pronounce in and called into being to meet the exigencies of inter-

evidence requisite to a full comprehension of the rights of the parties has been put in: and the respective counsel have argued the case, on both sides, with great eloquence and power. The trial has been managed, in general, with laudable good temper and self-control, and if there have been occasional exceptions, it is no more than must be expected of human infirmity. This is a case in which, as you must have had occasion to observe, the parties in interest have a good deal of feeling, and the counsel can hardly help catching, by contagious sympathy, something of their client's seal.

There is a general principle of law, which may be laid down to you at the outset as a guilding rule for your deliberations, and that is, that the plaintiffs must prevail, if at all, on the strength of their own title, and

would, if a free choice were left them, he more likely would, if a free choice were left them, he more likely would find for years and honor, after a life devoted to lexicography. Dr. Worcester's life has also been mainly dedicated to the same pursuit. He has been for many years employed in the preparation of a work which it destined to be the closing and crowning labor of his life, a Quarto Dictionary of the English language, which will contain all the latest improvements in lexicography, all the accumulated knowledge of the learned author, in which the definitions are to be given with peculiar fullness, the synonymous terms discriminated, and the explanations of visible objects conveyed directly to the eye, by means of wood-cut illustrations, about fifteen hundred in number. This work will be published during the present Summer. I need not enlarge on the peculiar merits of this forth-coming dictionary, as the testimony of witnesses introduced by the defendants on this point, was very full, and specimens of the work, as far as published, are before you.

The plaintiffs, the proprietors of Webster's Dictionary, have a perfect right to enter into an honoscable to the public a better manual than Worcester's forth the termination of a considerable manual to the literature of the country. A convenience the model of manual than Worcester's Dictionary, have a perfect right to enter into an honoscable to the language, introduced certain knowstions in spelling; the principal of which were the substitution of a considerable manual than Worcester's forth.

which the illustrations are employed in the two dic-tionaries before you. In Worcester's they are incor-porated into, and form part of, the text; the object illustrated and the illustration are side by side, and the eye takes in both at a glance. They were also prepared expressly for the work. In Webster's, on the contrary, the illustrations are placed by themselves, at the be ginning, and in them references are made to the text, but not in the text to the illustrations. There is no-thing in the body of the work to inform the reader that any particular object is illustrated; he must begin with the picture, and go from that to the object. Nor were they prepared expressly for the work, and in con-sequence of this there are some illustrations of which the correspondent objects are not found in the text.

The counsel for the plaintiffs contends that there is The counsel for the plantum contents that there is an advantage in the arrangement, by which the illustrations are placed by themselves at the beginning, instead of being sprinkled all over the volume, without a thread of order or system to hold them together. He also has called your attention to the fact that they are arranged in families, or groups, under a single head. On the other hand, the counsel for the defend-ant maintains, with great earnestness and force of ar-gument, that these pictorial embellishments are not be the convolution that the process of the convolution of the convo be regarded as things by themselves, but solely with reference to objects which they are intended to illusreterence to objects which they are intended to illustrate; that the purchasers of a dictionary do not want to buy with it a picture-book to amuse their children with, and that the idea of having an object and its llustration separated by five hundred pages of matter is like setting up a barber's establishment in two differ-The war of the Dictionaries is likely to be nearly as famous in history, and to last quite as long, as the war of the Roses. It is in more than one sense a war of words. The combatants are zealous, and pretty well supplied with munitions of war. For ourselves, we lead to be a supplied with munitions of war. For ourselves, we of Lord Timothy Dexter, who printed a book without any punctuation at all, and at the end gave three or four pages of commas, periods, semi-colons and dashes, informing the reader that he might distribute them as he pleased. He argued also that by this arrangement the natural and logical sequence of ideas was reversed, and the echo made to anticipate the sound, because the We have them both; we come we find what we want sometimes in the one and some we find what we want sometimes in the other; and we should be sorry to part times in the other; and we should be sorry to part with either. At this moment the case between the two stands thus: Dr. Worcester has in press, and will the celo made to anticipate the sound, because the reader must first find the illustration and then go in reader must first find the illustration and then go in reader must first find the illustration and considerations. is great force in these suggestions and considerations, and you can hardly fail to come to the conclusion that the disposition of the illustrations in Worcester is decidedly preferable to that in Webster.

Again: both of the dictionaries have synonym

that is, a statement of the exact shades of meaning in of which will appear in a subsequent part of this article.

We propose to state the case between this new edition of Webster and the forthcoming new work—for such it is—of Worcester, fairly and in a judicial spirite. And in order to ensure the spirit, we propose to adopt the form. We will suppose ourselves presiding at the trial of an imaginary cause, of which the parties are—Mexicus et al., Propostors of Webster's Dectoursy.

Hexicus et al., Propostors of Webster's Dectoursy.

Hexicus et al., Propostors of Worcester's Dectoursy.

We will imagine the case to have been concluded, the evidence on both sides to have been concluded.

The Webster there is also a superlessor feedorfich. In Webster, there is also a superlessor constraints.

course and communication among men since 1847, Centlemen of the jury:—This cause has been ably, when the work was originally stereotyped. That so thoroughly, and scalously presented to you. All the evidence requisite to a full comprehension of the rights of the rartic has been ably, and scalously presented to you.

your deliberations, and that is, that the plaintiffs must prevail, if at all, on the strength of their own title, and not on the weakness of the defendants. In other words, the proprietors of Webster's dictionary can gain nothing by any disparaging criticism of Worcester's dictionary, unless they can show that their own is better in the points animalwerted upon. And the same rule applies, with equal force, to the proprietors of Worcester's dictionary. Thus all time and trouble spent by either party in seedy decrying the labors of their opponents, comes to no good.

The main facts in the case are without dispute; it is only the inferences from those facts that are in controversy. There is no question that Dr. Webster died in 1843, and that Dr. Worcester's life has also been mainly dedicated to the same pursuit. He has heen for many conserved and commence of the family around a some lements of convenience were arranged around a combenence were ar

coming work, they have an unquestioned title to the advantage they can accure thereby. Competition is in curtain compound or derivative work; writing the life of business, and by it the public are the gain-ers. But they have no right to do or say anything eat-culated to mislead the public; they have no right to gain anything by false pretences; they have no right to claim, even by indirection and insimuation, any merits which do not distinctly belong to them.

Dr. Worcester's Dictionary is, or will be, an entirely new work. Dr. Webster's—I mean that which the proprietors have just published—is but a new edition of 1847, with a considerable amount of prefatory and supplementary matter.—I do not understand that

full and exhaustive. A man may be led to prefer the one or the other by his own innate mental traits. The fullness with which this case has been presented

to you, and the seal with which it has been argued render it unnecessary to enter into any further discussion upon the points of difference and comparison be tween the two works. You will retire, gentlemen and deliberate upon your verdict: purging your minds of all partisan feeling, and being guided wholly by the law and the facts of the case.—Boston Courier.

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ET REV. J. L. HAPCH.
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That the Subbath was made for man;
That the Flowers were strewn,
And Fraits were grown,
To bless and never to bane;
That Nature fair,
And Son and Air,
Are yours and mine, my brother!
Good gifts of Heaven,
And freely gives,
One day as well as another.

One day as well as another.

Keep it before the people,
That Oppression, and Wrong, and Need,
Forever abide,
Still side by side,
With the Pharises's rigid creed:
Let Church and State
Combined, not chest
Us out of our rights, my brother?
Freedom is given
Us all, by Heaven,
One day as well as another.

One only as well as accorder.

Keep it before the people,
That the laborer claims his meed;
To use shi day
In just such way
As answers best his need;
The right to choose
How we shall use often the need;
This right is given
Us all by Heaven,
One day as well as another.

Even it before the needs.

The cay as well as another.

Keep it before the people,
That innocest Sport and Mirth
Have ever been loved,
And never reproved
By the wise and the good of Earth;
That Lamphter and Wise
Are gifts divise,
To you, and to me, my brother!
Not to abuse,
But wheely to use,
One day as well as another.

—Sunday

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL A New York correspondent of the Charleston Mer ays of a well-known physician who walks Broadwa

in knee-breeches:

"The only surviving ecoentric worth mentioning is Dr. Boyle, who dresses in knee-breeches, buckled show, shad-bellied cost, huge lappetted vest, cocked hat, ruffies, and flowing wig of last century. It is a mere whim of the M.D., who is a very sensible person otherwise. When he was a boy he had a strange hankering for that costame, and determined to include in it when he was rich enough, for the suit is about ten times as expensive as an ordinary civilian's. An increasing medical practice enabled him to gratify his cherished wish eight or ten years ago, and since then he has played the antique very creditably. He is about fifty-five, and jovial by nasieure; but as he stafut through Broadway, his cast-fron face never reveals the slightest consciousness that he is stared, pointed, and laughed at, by all the passen-by. Unruffied (except in his shirt bosoms and wristlets,) he strides on with a majesty worthy of General Washington."

is a character in his way, and has achieved quite an ex or a character in he way, and has achieved quite an ec-centric career. In 1880, at the time of the great re-vival excitement, he was a distinguished evangelist belonging to the Oneida Presbytery; and many awak-enings in this State and New England are due to his labors. In 1833 he became pastor of the Prec Church in New Haven. The next year perfectionism broke out in the divinity school, and the reverend gentleman became a convert. He afterward was an editor of the Perfectionist and of the New Greenest Record. He emigrated to Ohio, in 1857, entered the anti-slavery field, was an eloquent lecturer, etc., etc.

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was an eloquent lecturer, etc., etc.

He returned castward in 1842, and resided at the Northampton Fourierite Community. In 1848, he travelled through several States in company with Doctor E. D. Hudson, lecturing on anti-slavery. This was the conclusion of his anti-slavery labors. He because interested in the doctrines of Ennanuel Swedenbourg. the conclusion of his anti-slavery labors. He became interested in the doctrines of Emanuel Swedenboug, though he could never be induced to become formally a member of any New Jerumlem Society, probably a garding the organisation as being but another form of the "Old Church." Shortly afterward he commenced the practice of medicine, for which he had been educated before commencing his ministerial mirror, and has since enjoyed a comfortable degree of prosperity. His unique dress, which effectually advertises him, but which was adopted to no such purpose, enables our citisens to recognise him in his chilly potentrian tour on Broadway and Chambers street; and those who enjoy his acquaintance unsulmently instify, despite what he regards his anti-church and non-resident thresies, to his uniform courtesy, affaililty, and agreeable conversational powers. Such is the history of a man who, thirty years ago, was one of the mean popular and promising preachers of the New School Pressylverian Church.—N. Y. Ess. Post.

coming work, they have an unquestioned title to the advantage they can secure thereby. Competition is to introduce the control of the catalogue of the catalogue control of the catalogue control of the catalogue control of the catalogue control of the catalogue. The catalogue control of the catalogue. The catalogue control of the catalogue. The catalogue control of the

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